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# Defiance

by [etsumilau](#)

## Summary



Jared knows he can be a better submissive. He understands that if he wants a dom to claim him, he needs to become more obedient. Still, when his neighbour Jensen moves in, he can't help falling to his knees less than two years later. The first rejection is humiliating and painful, and the second...

## Notes

Prompt: "Jared is 21 and had not been collared which is unheard of. All of his friends were collared by their 18th birthday. It's not like Jared hasn't found who he wants to claim him, he has fell to his knees twice for his neighbor (at least 10 yrs older), Jensen Ackles. Once when he was 17 and again when he was 18, but Jensen said no both times. Not even to train. Jared was so embarassed that he did not go away to college because he didn't couldn't explain why he was not collared. Jared gives up on Jensen when another Dom (Nonnie's choice) tries to convince him to fall for him. This is when he finds that Jensen waited to claim him becasue his parents asked him to." [Written for the SPN Collared Meme: Original Prompt](#)

## Defiance

by matsutake

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Jared's been looking forward to being collared since he realized he was a submissive at twelve and finally learnt what his prick was for. When he was fifteen, the house across the street was marked as sold and suddenly it was more than just being collared. It was about being completely owned, used and dominated. Fantasies of pressing his face into the hot neighbour's dick began to be guilty past times. The first night after meeting Jensen, Jared dreamt of firm, strong hands, a commanding voice and the hard press of a cock into his throat. Changing his sheets quickly became an embarrassingly regular routine.

Even though he was twenty-five and ten years older, Jensen didn't quite come across as old to Jared. He was still lanky then with [blonde-brown hair](#)—prime teenage wank material. Jensen also didn't quite treat Jared like a kid, but he didn't exactly treat him like an equal either. Jared tried everything once he decided he wanted Jensen. That summer, his dad's car was the cleanest it had been in years. Even standing in the hot sun, basketball shorts slung low and the material wet and clinging to his arse, Jensen barely paid him mind. He walked by every single time and made the same weak joke that it must be great to have kids for slave labour.

Jared wasn't remotely amused.

When he turned seventeen, Jared was ready. For two years he'd been carefully planning his offer. By then, Jensen had filled out more and his shoulders almost seemed broader with the muscle he'd built up. He cropped his hair shorter and some days [didn't bother to shave](#). Mornings became Jared's favourite time of day. Half awake, wearing glasses, the dom would always pick up his paper bare chested and in sweats. The brief seconds it took him to open the door, stoop and pick up the paper, Jared would look his fill of the toned abdomen and small brown nipples. After numerous failures, he still tried even harder to catch Jensen's attention.

He brought back girls, boys and made out with them out his front porch. He started tanning on the lawn and inviting his friends to hang out to keep up the pretense. He shot up at sixteen, reaching 6'3, but the rest of his body took time to catch up. Then Jared started worrying that it was him, his body and the way he looked. Jensen seemed to date older men...with facial hair. So Jared worked out. He bulked up his frame and although he noticed Jensen looking, the guy never even hinted he was interested. The last boyfriend, Jeff, was Jared's final straw. It didn't make sense that he was a sub at all and he was *old*. Age became Jared's new fear, but when Jeff stopped coming around, he decided to make his move.

Jensen stopped by to give back his dad's drill. It's not an ideal place or time, the garage dark and smelling of gasoline. Still, he wasn't choosy, so Jared wasted no time dropping to his knees. He refrained from leaning into the older man's space, but he bowed his head in submission and made sure his intention was obvious. The sharp intake of breath indicated Jensen knew exactly what he was doing. He'd laughed though, albeit awkwardly and Jared had never felt so mortified in his life. There were muttered apologies and a firm, "I'm sorry, Jared. No." It took Jared two months to be able to even look Jensen in the eye again. He quickly began avoiding his neighbour as much as he could.

Bizarrely, he suddenly had Jensen's interest. He could feel his neighbour's gaze when he walked up the drive on his way home from school. Jensen made more of an effort to talk to him. Random conversation, sometimes just to ask him how he was doing. Jared was definitely confused but he didn't look a gift horse in the mouth. He started visiting Jensen at his home, hanging out with and just watching television. He felt the heated looks and definitely noticed the random brushes and touches.

The one time Jared stayed over after a late movie, the next morning had been so easy. Waking up on the couch was less than comfortable, but Jensen had been grumpy and obviously not a morning person. Adorable was a word Jared would never voice, but it was fairly apt. It was pretty easy for Jensen to instruct Jared how to make coffee from his position face down on the couch. When Jared brought it for him, black one sugar, he remembered the newspaper too. Jensen had sat up and took the paper and coffee to the kitchen. Jared followed and Jensen nodded at the bread on the counter, mumbling something about jam. Later, he'd sat down and the dom absently ran a hand down Jared's back in approval. Preening under the attention, Jared was disappointed when Jensen quickly ruined it by teasing him about how awful his breath stank.

It didn't take long for Jared to push his way into Jensen's life. His parents were frustrated by it. After the first rejection they were very strict in his education, opting to have him enroll in extra high school electives on submission. He knew they were hoping he'd be collared by someone closer to his age like his sister. There was one time Jared felt sure about Jensen's interest. He'd been over for dinner and Jared had his hair tied back with his sister's black hair band. After some heavy mockery, Jensen had tugged the band off and the look in his eyes when he'd smoothed Jared's hair out made the air seem thin. Then he'd slipped the hair band on Jared's wrist, smirked and teased him about his girly long hair.

To Jared, their overall relationship was a bit fucked up. Jensen didn't really treat him like a sub. Sometimes he'd cook for Jared instead of the other way around. He'd sit Jared down at the table and talk about last night's basketball game while he prepared dinner. He was a friend, a confidant and Jared trusted him implicitly. Gradually, Jensen stopped emphasizing the difference in their age too. In front of Jared's parents he seemed to show approval for Jared. Still, Jensen never made a move and Jared was getting frustrated.

He's sitting in the living room staring at the black television screen. Jensen had already taken off his contacts, but he's now in his room changing his clothes. It was easy enough leaving the case and solution ready at the bathroom sink, but the dom didn't really mention it. He'd only brushed fingers against Jared's neck and said he was going to change.

"So how was your birthday, man?"

Jared looks up and shifts over on the couch to make room for Jensen...but not much. The older man huffs a laugh and Jared find himself pushed neatly across the leather to the other end and Jensen sits. Jared suppresses a sigh and scrubs a hand through his hair. He resigns himself to the right side of the couch.

"It was pretty awesome, Chad and the girls took me to the lake. A bunch of people from school came, they brought a keg and we camped out there."

"I remember those days." Jensen smiles. "Eighteen, huh?"

Jared looks up sharply at that and watches Jensen swallow a mouthful of beer. His throat works for a second, but he freezes when he notices Jared looking.

"Yeah," Jared replies slowly. He watches Jensen's expression carefully, but the dom's face is smooth. His green eyes flicker to Jared's mouth and away again. Shit, Jared's getting hard from just a glance. He rests his hand on Jensen's forearm and tries to catch his gaze. Abruptly the dom stands and moves to the television.

"Scarface tonight?"

Jared scowls at Jensen's back and takes a breath before letting his head fall back on the couch. "Yeah, sure."

The dom takes his sweet time setting up the movie, preferring to use the remote standing in front of the television. His right hand hangs at his side, fingers clenching tightly around the neck of the beer, knuckles white. Jared quickly adjusts himself while Jensen's distracted. Feeling warm, he unzips his hoodie and tries to calm his racing heart. Jared sits at the edge of the couch and tracks Jensen's movements. The Universal opening and then Fidel's speech plays in the background when Jensen turns to look at him.

"So didja get me anything?" Jared asks, just to break the silence.

A smirk plays at Jensen's mouth. His eyes darken and his gaze trails to Jared's neck. Almost immediately Jared's breath quickens and he licks his lips. Shit, this was it. Jensen must have gotten a collar. He must have been waiting for the right time. Jared's careful not to let anything show, but he's pretty sure Jensen can tell how turned on he is.

"What'd you get me?" he prods.

Blinking, Jensen looks at Jared carefully, his expression cool and collected. He drops the remote on the coffee table and moves around it. "Nah man, I don't get gifts for cheap bastards like yourself. Not like you got me anything—"

His words abruptly break off when Jared drops to his knees in front of him. This time Jared wastes no time pressing his head forward. He doesn't touch, but he's close enough to feel Jensen's body heat radiating off him. Jared feels fingers tentatively touching his hair and can't help leaning into it. Almost immediately, the hand is

pushing him away by his right shoulder.

"Jared, I'm sorry."

Fucking hell, *again*. Jared reels back, and swallows around the lump in his throat. He sucks in a breath, his chest tight. Abruptly he stands, breaking all dom/sub protocol. He raises his hands, palms open at Jensen's shocked look. Jared looks at the dom in the eye, watching as Jensen's eyes widen further. He tries to communicate how he feels without verbally pleading. Jared always forgets that he's taller than Jensen until they're both standing. Sometimes the dom just feels bigger, takes up more space and exudes that control Jared desperately wants.

"Can't you just train me? For a year? You wouldn't have to collar me, I know...I get that you don't want me, but can you train me? I'm going to college next year, if you train me, maybe I'd find a dom at school if you help me. Please, Jensen."

If anything, his words seem to just suck any emotion out of Jensen. Green eyes are fathomless and his expression is carefully blank. Then suddenly he just looks irritated...pissed. Jared takes a step back and immediately bows his head in submission. For an uncomfortable thirty seconds, none of them say a word. Jared can hear Jensen breathing quick, short breaths before the dom takes a longer breath and exhales.

"If anything, Jared, that just proves to me how much you're not ready."

Flinching, Jared shuts his eyes and keeps his head down. He wants to just leave, but he's already fucked up protocol once. He'd get in such shit with his parents if Jensen said anything.

"I don't...I've never wanted to collar anyone. I'm a dom, but I don't want a collared submissive." At Jared's sharp intake of breath, Jensen pauses. "I mean, sexually. Jared, there are some submissives who aren't collared that please me just fine. Actually it doesn't matter. This isn't about me."

It's not you, it's me bullshit. Jared eyes burn, but he's not going to cry over this again. If Jensen wants to tell his parents that Jared failed a second time, then so be it. He nods a quick, decisive response. When Jared takes a step back to escape, but Jensen stops him almost immediately.

"Sit."

Physically, Jared can refuse to. He can walk out the house and just forget this happened. Avoid Jensen for another few months and get over it. Emotionally and after years of training, all he wants to do is obey his dom. His hesitation causes Jensen to growl the order again. Swaying for a second, Jared tries to reign in his wildly fluctuating emotions.

"Don't make me ask again, Jared."

Abruptly, Jared sits. Hanging his head is easy to do, but it's now less about submission and more about humiliation.

"Jared, you will probably make some dom really happy. I know you will, just be patient."

He can't help the snort at that. A firm hand grips his neck and a thumb tilts Jared's chin up. Jensen is staring at him with an indecipherable expression. His same thumb swipes across Jared's cheekbone. Jared just feels tired now. It was an emotional drain going through this again and Jensen's touch just confuses him further.

"So don't collar me. Please, sir."

Jensen exhales sharply at the title. His eyes are tracking all over Jared's face, to his neck and back up to Jared's eyes. "I won't. You're not ready."

Something embarrassingly like a whine escapes Jared's mouth. It sounds weird, broken. He clenches his teeth and

grits out, "Why not? Do I need to fuck a certain amount of doms first? Beg more than I have for the last two years?"

Ignoring his questions, Jensen's hands fall to Jared's shoulders. They're steady and warm as they move under Jared's hoodie to press against him through his t-shirt. Thumbs press against Jared's collarbones and he involuntarily shuts his eyes, breath leaving him in a whoosh. He holds his breath as Jensen continues to slide his hands down Jared's arms, pushing the hoodie down. Eagerly, but slowly Jared finishes removing the sweater and opens his eyes to stare at his dom's feet, bare against the hardwood floor.

"Hands."

Jared blinks and looks up at Jensen, green eyes hold his steadily. Carefully, Jared raises both his hands and places them in Jensen's, which had been held out expectantly. He watches as Jensen's eyes drop to his hands, then suddenly Jensen's nostrils flare and eyes shoot back to his, dark and heated. A finger traces his wrist and Jared looks down involuntarily as a tanned thumb traces the old black hair band. It pushes the band up and Jensen's breath quickens at the obvious tan line. Like he was burnt, Jensen drops Jared's hands. He looks unsteady on his feet, but takes a firm, decisive step away.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Jared."

The dismissal is swift and brooks no argument. Jared opens his mouth to protest but Jensen is already moving to his bedroom. Jared's chest seizes, a sudden clench that makes taking a breath hard. He shakily stands, glances at Jensen's room and closed door. He leaves without a word and shuts the door quietly behind him.

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Jensen had said tomorrow, but Jared didn't see him for a month. The dom seemed to disappear off the face of the planet. Jared knew he still went to work because his dad raved about the cases Jensen closed. At dinner, he feigned disinterest but desperately listened for any mention of Jensen from his dad. It hurt like hell, but Jared accepted the rejection. Twice was pretty clear even if the signals he got from Jensen were mixed. Jared knew it was the hair band. He'd taken the innocent gesture as some kind of bastardized form of a training collar. He wore the thing for almost a year, refusing to take it off. It must have disgusted Jensen that a sub had been so brazen. When he'd asked Chad, his friend was pitying when he said even a training collar had to be gifted by a dom. It was a promise, not something to take lightly.

Embarrassed, once Jared understood, he avoided Jensen as well. Not that he needed to considering Jensen was doing that pretty well himself. College deadlines came and passed and Jared ignored his parents' and teachers' pleas for him to apply. He felt wrong, like some sort of social pariah without a collar. Jensen started coming by again, but Jared was careful not to speak or look at him. The dom took it in stride, conversing with Jared's dad about the latest case. His eyes didn't track Jared like they used to and Jared felt like something in him died. He felt useless and unneeded. A feeling he was told for years that a sub wasn't supposed to ever feel. Fucken high school textbooks...useless in real life.

By the time his nineteenth birthday comes around, Jared's used to the stares and uncomfortable sympathy his friends and strangers couldn't help give him. He's legally allowed to do as he pleases now though. Jared is by law allowed to move out of his parents' home and look for his own place. He's been working at a garage downtown for about seven months and saved up quite a bit. After a family birthday dinner, hanging out and watching the game, Jared walks Chad to his car where it's parked on the road. Jared's resting his forearm on the roof as he leans down to talk to him. Then Chad suggests he start a search. It wasn't unheard of when a sub reached legal age without being collared. By travelling they increase their chances of meeting a dom that will accept them.

"I'd take you on if I could," Chad says carefully. "I talked to Sophia about it."

Jared swallows. "You'd do that? You'd be my dom?"

Chad shakes his head. "I can't long-term, but I could train you."

Chewing his lip, Jared contemplates that. "Should I just drop to my knees here and now?" He teases.

There's a sharp intake of breath behind him, then Jared watches Chad's eyes slide to look over his shoulder. He turns around to see Jensen frozen at his car in the driveway. Hands hovering at the door where his key is hanging in midair. The dom shakes himself and gets in the car though, and reverses out of the drive before peeling away.

"Asshole," Chad swears. He reaches a hand out to touch Jared's shoulder. His face softens at the stricken look Jared directs at him. "Don't worry about that prick, man. Think about my offer, alright?"

"Yeah," Jared says weakly. "Thanks man."

Jared makes a decision fairly quickly. He doesn't want to be in a poly-relationship. He's too possessive, and even though Chad's just a friend, he wants his dom to be just for him. He tells his parents that he's ready to move out and start looking for a dom. His dad looks relieved but his mum doesn't look pleased. In fact the look she shoots his dad is nothing short of murderous. She hugs him close though and promises him in his ear that he'll find his dom. She admits it took her twenty-two years to find hers and she knows Jared will find his too.

For the first time since his second rejection, Jared allows himself to cry. His mum shushes him and strokes his hair. The cathartic feeling after that steels Jared's resolve and his car is packed and ready to go the next weekend. He's in the driver's seat and resolutely avoids looking at Jensen's house. When he starts the engine, he's startled when the passenger door opens and Jensen drops into the seat next to him. He's unshaven, his suit's rumpled and he just looks tired and stressed.

"Drive," is all he says.

So Jared drives. He doesn't look at Jensen or ask him what he thinks he's doing. They pass the San Antonio welcome sign and next to him Jensen dozes. Jared steals a look then, heart thumping at the sight of Jensen passed out against the window, eyelashes dark against his cheek. He doesn't wake up until Jared's pulled into a hotel parking lot in Austin. For a minute Jared sits expectantly, but the silence is agonizing. Sighing, Jared opens the door and heaves himself out of it. He pulls his duffle from the trunk, leaving the suitcases for now. Jared figures Jensen can figure his shit out and lock the car when he's ready. He makes it as far as the elevator before Jensen calls his name.

The older man slams the door and jogs to him. They stand awkwardly, then Jensen grabs Jared's hand and tugs him to the elevator. "Come on, let's grab a room and talk," he says gruffly.

In the elevator, Jared extricates his hand and stares ahead. He can feel Jensen's gaze on him. At the front reception, he ignores the dom and books his room, a single king. Upstairs he slides his key card in, moves inside and barely leaves the door open before it starts to swing shut. Catching it, Jensen strides in and grabs Jared's hands. His duffles falls with a thump and Jared struggles for a moment. Jensen's fast, holds Jared's wrists painfully tight in a vise as he's pushing Jared against the wall.

Jared winces but waits patiently. Seconds tick by and all Jensen does is look at him. His eyes are calculating as he searches Jared's expression. Jensen doesn't seem to find what he's looking for and frowns. Using one hand he raises Jared's arms above his head, fingers sliding against the smooth skin of Jared's wrists. Only then is there a flicker of uncertainty and surprise. He releases Jared abruptly and steps back.

"You took off the hair band," he says, his voice sounding hoarse and unused.

Jared looks down at his wrists and touches his right hand carefully. It still feels weird, naked without the band. "I realized what I did wrong that night," he replies evenly.

Jensen gives a pained look at his words and sits on the bed, rubbing a hand over his face. "And what was that?"

"I assumed you wanted me. I made a claim on you and begged you even though you'd already rejected me once." Jared takes a shaky breath and it hurts to release it. "I thought...I thought it was like a training collar. We'd...you'd...No. I assumed we'd been training. I tried to follow your every instruction. I thought I was being obedient, but you said I still wasn't ready."

"I want you."

The words are determined and sure, but Jared just freezes. "What?"

"You heard me."

Jared ignores him, his words are quiet. "Say it again."

"Come here."

For a moment they just stare at each other. Briefly Jared's at war with himself. He can't go through a third rejection. The ups and downs of trying to read Jensen have played havoc with him for over four years. He already knows he's not the typical submissive, Jensen's told him that already, although not in so many words. Chad had been frank about it. His parents tried to train him out of it.

"I'm not sure what you want from me."

Jensen just looks at him, eyes steady. He spreads his legs and slides back on the bed. "You know what I want."

Jared barks out a laugh, it sounds bitter even to him. "Believe me, I don't. You'll have to be clear this time."

"Come here."

Jared obeys this time and he's immediately rewarded with Jensen pulling his head down to kiss him. Teeth bite at his mouth before a tongue slides against his lips teasingly. Jensen's hands are gripping Jared's jaw firmly. Under the assault, Jared tentatively lifts his hands to Jensen's shoulder's, warm and yes, very real beneath his hands. He moans and presses forward, opening his mouth wider and Jensen wastes no time sliding his tongue in to twine with his. Then as quickly as the kiss came, it calms to wet presses of Jensen's mouth to Jared's then the corner of his mouth.

He opens his eyes to see Jensen looking at him expectantly. Jared's half bent awkwardly, his knee perched between Jensen's thighs against a hard cock. Jesus, *Jared* did that to Jensen. He can't help inch his knee forward, but Jensen immediately presses a hand against Jared's thigh stopping him, a small smile playing at his lips. He's still looking like he's waiting and for what, Jared hasn't got a clue. Then Jensen's gaze shutters and that doubtful look is back.

Immediately, Jared drops to his knees and he presses his face forward between Jensen's legs. He breathes unsteadily, smelling Jensen's sweat and cologne. He feels the hard press of his hot cock against his cheek. Shuddering, Jared doesn't realize how much he's shaking until hands soothe up and down his arms. Fingers slide into his hair, combing it as nails scratch his scalp. The touch is calming and Jared's gulping deep breaths, trying not to vibrate out of his skin. Jensen groans a little above him at the feel of Jared's wet pants against his dick.

Fingers clench in his hair, pulling tight and making Jared yelp as his head is tilted backward. Then it snaps on, warm, butter soft leather around his neck. Wonderingly, Jared reaches up to touch it, feeling the intricate detail of pressed leather, then the snap-lock at the front.

"I accept."

Hands press him forward and Jared chokes out a half sob, half laugh. He wastes no time pressing his mouth against Jensen's cock. Mouthing at it through his black slacks. He sucks at the head through the material, groaning

in frustration at the barrier. Jensen's hips jerk against his face. His left hand still gripping Jared's hair in a pleasure-painful grip, his right reaches down to unbuckle his belt and undo his slacks. Jared licks sloppily at his briefs, slicking the material with his spit and catching his lips around the head he can see pressing against the material.

"Very good," Jensen praised. "I'll teach you how I like it. Do you want to suck me?"

Jared groans at the thought, but before his fingers can touch Jensen's briefs, they're caught in a hard grip. His arm is twisted and Jared finds himself pressed face first into the mattress, knees banging against the floor and bed frame. The pain is fleeting, but Jensen twists his arm higher, as if he can tell it wasn't enough. Jared's stomach clenches and his heart races as unexpected pleasure strikes up his spine.

"Did I give you permission to touch me?" His voice is heated and fierce.

Shaking his head, Jared tries to crane his head back. His arm twists further. He drops his head back to the mattress, meek. "No, master."

Jensen releases his wrist and pulls him to his feet. He begins methodically stripping Jared. His master takes his time, unbuttoning, unfastening, then folding everything neatly. He gestures to Jared's jeans, so Jared toes off his shoes and shucks off his pants and briefs quickly. He folds them before passing them over, elated at the approval he sees. Jensen's careful not to touch Jared, especially his cock straining heavy in the air. It twitches when Jensen looks at it briefly, assessing. Jared flushes hot, his whole body tight with tension. He wants Jensen's approval, *needs* it. The more Jensen looks, the more Jared starts to doubt. His shoulders hunch and his hands hover over his crotch hesitantly.

"Hands behind your back," Jensen orders.

Straightening immediately, Jared stands still, his hands clenched into fists behind his back. He keeps his eyes down, but watches as Jensen unbuttons his cuffs. Long fingers deftly undo his tie, and he leans in close then reaches behind Jared to place it on the bed. Jared holds his breath, the heat of the other man making him want to press forward. He can feel Jensen's gaze on his face, but he's careful not to look.

"Look at me."

Jared jerks his head up and looks his fill as Jensen continues to undress. His shirt is taken off and hung on a hanger. After that his under shirt and Jared greedily tracks the firm lines of his chest, abs and trail of hair leading into his pants. The front is wet with Jared's spit; belt and button undone, unzipped halfway. Fingers hover over Jensen's unbuckled belt and Jared doesn't breathe for a moment.

"Eyes."

He sucks in a breath and raises his eyes to meet Jensen's. His dom makes a sound of approval. In Jared's peripheral vision, he can see Jensen undoing his pants. He sees him step out of them. Boxer briefs are dark at the front—blue. Green eyes are steady on his and there's a hint of amusement that Jared doesn't understand.

"Not very well-trained, are you?"

It takes all of Jared's will power not to look away. The criticism hurts with Jensen's last rejection still fresh. He takes in a sharp breath but nods once to agree. Jensen's stroking himself through his briefs, eyes flickering away for a moment to look at Jared's dick, which Jared knows is softening.

"Do you want that kind of relationship? Clear boundaries, rules and protocol? Will you obey me?"

Jared nods his assent again.



"Don't lie to me," Jensen says flatly. "Tell me the truth."

"I'm—I'm not," Jared stutters. "I do want to please you."

Satisfaction settles over Jensen's features. "I'm not like most dom's. I enjoy a sub's defiance. I like punishing disobedience. Outside the bedroom I enjoy an equal who can hold intelligent conversations. I want a sub who will work for it and show perseverance."

He raises an eyebrow at Jared. "Did you wait for me, sub?"

"Yes," Jared says hoarsely. "For five years."

There's a flicker of surprise. "You propositioned another dom. You asked me for permission to train you to find another dom. So what is it, Jared, did you show perseverance?"

Gritting his teeth, Jared tried to reign in his temper. "You rejected me twice. You didn't even want to train me."

"I wanted to."

Jared forgets his place and snorts and looks away. Jensen strides over and clenches strong fingers on his chin, he jerks Jared's gaze back up to him. "Never look away when I request your attention and I'm talking to you, sub."

Shit, training did not prepare him enough to be obedient to illogical claims. He keeps his tone calm, even though he knows talking back in itself is not tolerated. "I'm trying my best here. I'm obedient, I listen. I backed off when I realized my behaviour wasn't acceptable. When did you ever show me you wanted to train me? I showed perseverance when I propositioned you a second time! The first time was painful enough—"

Jared broke off as Jensen's fingers clenched.

"Your parents thought I was too lenient with you. Sometimes I agree. They wanted me to wait until you'd been better trained in obedience."

Flinching, Jared closed his eyes. And they were right. He's talking back to his dom less than ten minutes after being collared. He feels fingers touch the collar and Jared whole world shatters. He drops his head forward onto Jensen's chest and tries to choke back the sob. He doesn't realize he's pleading, "No, no, no" over and over until his master's hands are gentling him, stroking his hair.

"Enough."

His hair is clenched tightly. Confused, Jared looks up at Jensen. The dom reaches behind him and he releases Jared to tug his hands forward. Quick, short pulls of cool silk knot Jared's hands. Loose enough for blood circulation, tight enough that Jared can't escape. Jensen's fingers clench spasmodically around Jared's throat as he stands to push the sub backward and flat on the bed.

"Keep your hands above your head."

Confused but obediently, Jared raises them and presses them into the mattress. Gulping in breaths, his abdomen stretches with the movement. Jensen smooths a hand down his chest, over a nipple and down his side. He kneels onto the bed, inching forward until he's straddling Jared's chest.

"I wanted you the way you are," Jensen says calmly. "I'm guessing some of that defiance comes from your mum, since she ignored her dom's orders and told me you were leaving."

Jared jerks in surprise. "You came after me."

"I was waiting for you to come by," Jensen admits. "Stayed up all night waiting for a third chance. Then I saw you

in the car. Instead it was like you were waiting for *me*."

His eyes are steady on Jared's as he slips his briefs down over his hips and pulls his dick over the material. Jared feels the warm press of his balls against his skin, sees the thick cock pressing against Jensen's stomach. His own cock begins to fatten in renewed interest. The dom looks amused as he thumbs wetness across Jared's cheek.

"Fuck, I love it when you cry."

Jared immediately scowls and his master huffs a laugh. "I especially love it when you're defiant."

Fingers slip in the collar behind Jared's neck and tug. Briefly, Jared's breath is choked back, and he makes a pained noise at the way the leather twists in his skin. "But I need you to understand one thing, sub."

Cool air slides back into his throat as the collar is released, but Jared barely has time for a breath when a hot mouth presses over his deftly. A tongue licks in, strong and confident. It slides over his teeth, his inside cheeks before teasing his briefly. Jensen bites Jared's lip once before pulling back. His pupils are dilated, the green barely visible.

"You're mine," he growls. "I own you now and you'll never offer yourself to another dom. You'll never even *hint* at looking for another dom. I waited long enough, respected your father's wishes, but I want you as you are. Do you understand?"

Jared nods in a daze and then Jensen is pressing his cock against his mouth. He opens wide eagerly, tongue snaking out to dip into his dom's slit. Jensen hisses and pushes forward, giving Jared little time to adjust. Relaxing his jaw like he was taught, Jared breathes through his nose and hollows his cheeks as he sucks. He lifts his head up to bob his head, the hot, velvet feel of Jensen's dick in his mouth making him moan. He licks and sucks, swallowing the little bursts of precome greedily.

Jensen's smile is predatory and hungry. "Press your tongue up under the head." He moans. "That's right. Now tighten your mouth and suck, keeping your tongue pressed against me."

His eyes on his master, Jared watches a myriad of emotions flicker over Jensen's face: lust, need, approval, *affection*. He gives a weak whine of protest when Jensen pulls back. The dom quickly discards his briefs completely and tugs Jared to the middle of the bed. Eyes on Jared's, he twists the sub's nipples ruthlessly before scraping his nails down Jared's sides. It sparks pain but his nipples have always been sensitive, and Jared can't help groan in appreciation, arching against his master.

"Lovely," Jensen breathes. "Do you like your nipples pulled?"

He does it again but then dips his head to close hot around one of them as he plays with the other. His teeth close around the hardened flesh, making Jared yelp and hump his hips forward into Jensen's stomach. Pleasure burns in his belly at the contrasting pain. Jensen scrapes his teeth down the middle of Jared's chest. His tongue slides into Jared's bellybutton, shocking the sub as his abdomen clenches.

"Fuck, we didn't exactly prepare for this. Did you pack lube?"

Jared blinks, confused, desire clouding his mind. Jensen doesn't wait for an answer, instead he slips his hands under Jared's thighs and lifts him effortlessly. Jared's knees are pressed into his chest and his calves are pushed over Jensen's shoulders. Green eyes are focused and wanting between Jared's legs. The dom swears softly under his breath before he's pressing his mouth against Jared, making the sub buck and groan. His master is strong though, holding him firmly as he licks and sucks at Jared's hole. His tongue slides around the rim before dipping inside and making Jared shout. His teeth bluntly scrape the outside sensitive skin, as Jensen's tongue wiggles mercilessly before fucking into Jared in a steady rhythm.

His balls tightening, Jared's wild, his hands gripping the pillow under his head in desperation. He's torn between

wanting to pull Jensen's head closer and pushing it away from the over sensitized part of his body. He remembers his order though and he pulls at his bonds until it hurts. The silk is pulling in an almost burn at his skin and making tears leak from his eyes.

Jensen pulls off him, licking at him one more time as Jared's body shudders. "Lube?"

Jared jerks his head weakly to his discarded duffle, too dazed to respond. The warm body eases his hips down to the mattress. He hears Jensen rummaging in his bag. When the dom's back, he's pushing Jared's thighs over his own again. He presses his cock forward and against Jared's, thrusting once before uncapping the lube.

"Ever been fucked, Jared?"

Eyes wide, Jared shakes his head no.

"Have you ever touched yourself here?" And to punctuate here, Jensen is sliding slick fingers over Jared's hole. He's circling it teasingly, fingertips catching in the middle.

"Y-yes. At home."

"Like this?" A thick finger pushes inside, and Jared tenses at the intrusion at first. As it slides in and out, he begins to respond, rhythmically shifting his hips.

"Yes," he chokes out on a moan.

Jensen's grin is dirty, knowing. "What did you think of?"

Jared groans as a second finger pushes in. The two simultaneously stroke at his prostrate, making him clench at the pillow and keen. "I-I think of you. I imagine y-your dick."

A hand *finally* touches his cock, pulling at it in sure strokes. Jared's rolling his hips in abandon, pushing his cock into Jensen's strong grip and then down and forward onto his fingers. "Go on."

"You're in me," Jared pants. "I can feel you everywhere inside. You have me pinned and you're just taking it. It's hard and f-fast."

At his words, Jensen's hands increase their tempo and Jared's voice chokes in his throat. A third finger abruptly enters, and Jared's not ready for it. His whole body tenses, but Jensen's jacking his cock harder, teasing at the head. His fingers twist in Jared every time they push in, stretching him more than Jared ever thought possible. Every single time, Jensen finds his prostate and presses against it.

"How do I like my coffee, Jared?"

Jared's brow wrinkles in confusion and he stares at his dom. Jensen just smirks in amusement and twists his fingers roughly. He raises an eyebrow expectantly. "You...you like it to be brewed drip, with an extra spoon of coffee grinds. You drink it black, one sugar."

There's a sharp twist of Jensen's fingers.

"Brown sugar," Jared gasps.

"What do I do most mornings?"

Realization dawns and Jared stares at his dom in wonder. "You get the paper. You usually read it in the kitchen because of the morning sun from the bay windows. Rye bread, jam, no butter."

The fingers leave him and the only noise is the slick sound of Jensen jacking Jared. The dom leans forward and

over Jared, he looks down at him and lifts Jared's leg to press it against Jared's chest. "After work?"

Jared's breath hitches at the feeling of the blunt head of Jensen's cock pressing against him. "C-contacts. You take them off. You change your clothes because you hate the suits. Usually you have a beer, but you didn't anymore when I'm over...used to come over."

He doesn't exactly know how much of Jensen's routine has changed. Whether new subs vie for Jensen's attention like before. Whether Jensen invites them back. Jared is pulled from the negative thoughts at a firm thrust of a cock deep inside of him. Jensen groans and remains seated deep, groin pressed firmly against Jared's ass.

"Good boy, and you didn't even have to be told."

Pride washes over Jared, consuming him. He's staring at Jensen when the dom opens his eyes and meets Jared's. White teeth flash in the muted darkness. The sun is setting and they hadn't turned on the lights. Jared hesitantly smiles back and the dom leans forward closer. He kisses Jared and tilts his head to take it. It doesn't last long when Jensen starts moving his hips. His cock pulls at Jared's insides before pushing in and building the pleasure in Jared's gut. They're panting against each other's mouths and Jensen's thrusts are rough and fast. His balls slap against Jared and the strokes get shorter as Jensen speeds it up.

The smell of Jensen overpowers Jared's senses. He's caught in the scent of sweat, musk and the crisp tones of Jensen's cologne. He's curved over Jared, forearms trapping him against the pillow. Jared grunts as Jensen begins stroking his cock again. He's sweating and moaning, trying to control or match the rhythm but Jensen doesn't let him. Trying to get leverage, Jared raises his other leg and hooks it behind Jensen.

The dom chokes out a laugh and catches the leg. "Oh, no you don't. You defiant, insufferable shit. Just take it like you're supposed to."

He's sliding the leg forward into Jared's chest when Jensen's fingers catch at his ankle. They both freeze and Jared flushes bright red. He feels it travel down his neck and over his chest in that uncomfortable half-body blush. A slow, possessive smile pulls at Jensen's mouth as he pulls the elastic tight and lets it snap hard against Jared's ankle.

"I knew it."

"No you didn't," Jared retorted immediately.

"I knew you kept it somewhere." Jensen sounds ridiculously pleased and fucks into Jared *hard* and punishing.

"Yeah, right," Jared gasps. "You thought I had no *perseverance*."

The dom's eyes widen and his eyes darken with intent. "You looking to get punished, boy? Mouthing off again."

Jared isn't quick enough to hide his smile and Jensen catches it easily. He leans back and slams his cock in and out, eyes fierce and affectionate. Jared's pleasure is building again and he feels it climbing up his spine, tightening his balls against his body.

"You won't come until I tell you."

*Fuck*. Jared's body strains against the mattress. Curving upward off the bed as he slams his head backward trying to control the urge. A hand quickly tightens against his cock and Jared gives a strangled moan of protest. Jensen leans forward and kisses him hard. Biting at his already swollen mouth and fucking into him in even, short thrusts. Jared can't help himself, his bound hands slide over his head and around Jensen's neck. He clenches his fingers into Jensen's short hair as he begs.

"Please, fuck, please. I'll do anything, fuck—" Jared arches off the bed, his denied orgasm wrenching his muscles

taut and his breaths are coming jagged and harsh.

Jensen's gaze is annoyed, but amused. He abruptly pulls out. "Disobedient still? Watch your hands."

Jared's gone. His mind is blank, desperate. He moans like he's in pain at the loss, his slick arse clenching at nothing, thrusting at Jensen's stomach. He pulls at Jensen's hair and keens. Begging, offering his neck in submission. Eyes tightly shut, he bites down on his lower lip. Jensen swears and abruptly he pushes back in, pushing directly against Jared's prostate.

"I give in, every single time," Jensen snarls. His breath is hot against Jared's face. The sub opens his eyes and meets his master's head on, pleading.

He moans as Jensen's hand jacks him again, building up a climax again. This time though, the dom is pressing his forehead against Jared's, his own hand clenched in the sub's hair as well. Jared's responding thrusts are getting erratic, but he's promised. He'll be obedient, he can do it...he won't let Jensen regret it.

His dom's voice is pleased and approving. It's urging him to trust him, hold back. Jared feels something break open in him, enveloping pleasure and finally satisfied. He's nearing his peak, Jared's body arching as he tries to control it. He's successful at keeping his orgasm at bay but then—

"Now."

It's like an explosion. He's coming so hard, his eyes roll back into his head and all he can do is feel. Pleasure strikes through his body and he curves in toward Jensen, spilling messy and wet between them. Jensen is still fucking him, thrusting once, twice before groaning his own release. He's panting harshly in Jared's ear and the sub is fucked out, but he can feel the aftereffects of his own orgasm still milking Jensen's out of him. He clenches his arse a few more times, loving the thick press of the cock inside him.

"Hands."

Jared weakly drops them over his head and meets his dom's gaze sheepishly. The responding gaze is unforgiving and his words make Jared's spent cock twitch feebly.

"Get ready for your punishment, sub."

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/end

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